

# WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

"Vot was eet you say 'bout dis sheep? Eet haf cholera—hey?"

Dorothy took a step forward, and confronted them, her cheeks flushed. "You are sailors," she said, speaking swiftly, "and ought not to be afraid if a girl isn't. It is true this vessel was ravaged by cholera, and the crew died; but the bodies have been flung overboard—Captain Carlyle risked his life to do that before he asked us aboard. Now there is no danger so long as we remain on deck. I have no fear."

The Swede shook his head, grumbling something, but before the revolt could spread Watkins broke in. "An' that's right, miss. I was on the Bombay Castle when she took cholera, an' we hed twenty-one days of it beatin' agin head winds off the Cape. We lost sixteen o' the crew, but not a man among us who stayed on deck got sick. Anyhow, these blokes are goin' ter try their luck aboard yere, er else swim fer it."

He grinned cheerfully, letting slip the end of the painter, the released quarter-boat gliding gently away astern, the width of water constantly increasing.

"Now, bullies, jump fer it if yer want ter go. All right then, my hearties, let's hunt up something to work with and scrub this deck. That's the way to clean out cholera."

He led the way and they followed him, grumbling and cursing, but obedient. I added a word of encouragement, and in a few minutes the whole gang was busily engaged in cleaning up the mess forward, their first fears evidently forgotten in action. Watkins kept after them like a slave driver.

It was not difficult finding plenty for the lads to do, making the neglected schooner shipshape, and adjusting the spread of canvas aloft to the new course I decided upon. Sam started a fire in the galley and prepared a hot meal, singing as he worked, and before noon I had as cheerful a ship's crew forward as any man could possibly ask for. Dorothy and I glanced over the log, but gained little information. As the sun reached the meridian I ventured again into the cabin and returned with the necessary instruments to determine our position. With these and the pricked chart, I managed fairly well in determining our location, and choosing the most direct course toward the coast.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A New Plan of Escape.

Nothing occurred during the afternoon to disturb the routine work aboard or to cause me any uneasiness. Sunset brought clouds, and by the time it was really dark the entire sky was overcast, but the sea remained comparatively calm and the wind steady.

It was a pleasant night in spite of the darkness, the air soft and refreshing. The locker was filled with flags, representing almost every nation on earth. I dragged these out and spread them on the deck abaft the cabin, thus forming a very comfortable bed, and at last induced the girl to lie down, wrapping her in a blanket. Finally I found a seat beside her on a coil of rope, and we fell into conversation.

This was the first opportunity we had enjoyed to actually talk with each other alone.

"Dorothy," I said humbly, "you were frightened last night. I cannot hold you to what you said to me then."

"You mean you do not wish to? But I was not frightened."

"And you still repeat what you said then? You said, 'I love you.'"

"Yes, I can repeat that—I love you." "Those are dear, dear words; but I ought not to listen to them, or believe. I am not free to ask a pledge of you, or to beg you to trust me in marriage."

"Is not that rather for me to decide?" she questioned archly. "I make a confession now. You remember the night I met you on deck, when you were a prisoner, and told you that you had become the property of Roger Fairfax? I loved you then, although I scarcely acknowledged the truth even to myself. We are all alike, we Fairfaxes; we choose for ourselves, and laugh at the world. That is my answer, Geoffrey Carlyle; I give you love for love."

"I would ask an opportunity denied me—to stand once more in honor among men. I would not be ashamed before Dorothy Fairfax."

"Nor need you be," she exclaimed impetuously, her hands pressing mine. "You wrong yourself, even as you have been wronged. You have already done that which shall win you freedom, if it be properly presented to those in power. I mean that it shall be, once I am safely back in Virginia. Tell me, what are your plans with—this schooner?"

"To beach it somewhere along shore, and leave it there a wreck, while we escape. The men insist on it with good reason. They have been pirates, and might be hung if caught."

"And yet to my mind," she insisted earnestly, "that choice is most dangerous. I am a girl, but if I commanded here, do you know what I would do? I would sail this vessel straight to the

Chesapeake and surrender it to the authorities. The men have nothing to fear with me aboard and ready to testify in their behalf. The governor will accept my word without a question. These men are not pirates, but honest seamen compelled to serve in order to save their lives; they mutilated and captured the bark, but were later overcome, and compelled to take the boats. The same plea can be made for you, Geoffrey, only you were there in an effort to save me. It is a service which ought to win you freedom. If the governor fall me, I will bear my story to the feet of the king. I am a Fairfax, and we have friends in England, strong, powerful friends."

"I am convinced," I admitted, after a pause, "that this course is the wiser one, but fear the opposition of the men. They will never go willingly." "There is an argument which will overcome their fear. I mean cupidity. Each sailor aboard has an interest in the salvage of this vessel under the English law. Also there must be gold aboard—perhaps treasure also. Let the crew dream that dream and you will need no whip to drive them into an English port."

"Full pardon, and possibly wealth with it," I laughed. "A beautiful scheme, Dorothy, yet it might work. Still, if I know sailors, they would doubt the truth, if it came direct from me, for I am not really one of them."

"But Watkins is. Explain it all to him; tell him who I am, the influence I can wield in the colony, and then let him whisper the news to the others. Will you not do this—for my sake?"

"Yes," I answered; "I believe you have found the right course. If you will promise to lie down and sleep I will talk with Watkins now. I may catch some catnaps before morning, but most of the time shall be prowling about deck. Good night, dear girl."

She extended her arms, and drew me down until our lips met.

"You are actually afraid of me still," she said. "Why should you be?"

"Somehow, Dorothy, you have always seemed so far away from me I



I Dared Not Let Go.

have never been able to forget. But now the touch of your lips has—"

"Broken down the last barrier?"

"Yes, forever."

"Are you sure? Would you not feel still less doubt if you kissed me again?"

I held her closely, gazing down into the dimly revealed outline of her face, and this time felt myself the master.

I left her there and groped my own way forward. I found Watkins awake. He listened gravely to what I had to say, with little comment, and was evidently weighing every argument in his mind.

"I've bin in Virginia and Maryland, sir," he said at last seriously, "and if the young woman is a Fairfax, she'd likely have influence enough ter do just what she says. I'll talk it over with the lads. If they was only sure ther was treasure aboard I guess most of 'em would face hell ter git their hands on a share of it."

"Then why not search and see?" He shook his head obstinately.

"Not me, sir! I don't prow around in no cholera ship, loaded with dead men—not if I never git rich."

"Then I will, and I got to my feet in sudden determination. "You keep the deck while I go below. Light the lantern and bring it here. If there is any specie hidden aboard this hooker it will be either in the cabin or lazaret. And, whether there is or not, my man, the Santa Marie turns north tomorrow if I have to fight every sea wolf on board single-handed."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Struggle in the Dark.

He came back with the lantern in his hand, a mere tin box containing a candle, the dim flame visible through numerous punctures. Neither of us spoke

until my hand was on the companion door ready to slide it open.

"I'll not be long below," I said soberly. "Better go forward and see that your lookout men are awake, and then come back here."

The port stateroom I had not previously entered because of a locked door. I determined on breaking in here. There was no key in the lock, and the stout door resisted by efforts. Placing the lantern on the deck I succeeded finally in inserting the blade of a hatchet so as to gain a purchase sufficient to release the latch. As the door yielded a sharp cry assailed me from within. It came forth so suddenly and with so wild an accent I stepped blindly backward in fright, my foot overturning the lantern, which, with a single flicker of the candle, went out. In that last gleam I saw a dim, grotesque outline fronting me. Then, in the darkness, gleamed two green, menacing eyes, growing steadily larger, nearer, as I stared at them in horror. Was it man or beast? Devil from hell, or some crazed human against whom I must battle for life? The green eyes glared into my face. I lifted my hand toward him, and touched—hair! My antagonist was a giant African ape.

Even as the big ape's grip caught me, ripping through jacket sleeve to the flesh, I realized my great peril, but I was no longer paralyzed with fear, helpless before the unknown. I drove my hatchet straight between those two gleaming eyes. The brute staggered back, dragging me with him. His humanlike cry of pain ended in a snarl, but, brief as the respite proved, it gave me grip on his under jaw and an opportunity to drive my weapon twice more against the hairy face. The pain served only to madden the beast, and before I could wrench free he had me clutched in an iron grip, my jacket torn into shreds. His jaws snapped at my face, but I had such purchase as to prevent their touching me, and mindless of the claws tearing at my flesh I forced the animal's head back until the neck cracked and the lips gave vent to a wild scream of agony. I dared not let go; dared not relax for an instant the exercise of every ounce of strength. I felt as though the life was being squeezed out of me by the grasp of those hairy arms; yet the very vise in which I was held yielded me leverage. The hatchet dropped to the deck and both my hands found lodgment under the jaw, the muscles of my arms strained to the utmost, as I forced back that horrid head. Little by little it gave way, the suffering brute whining in agony, until, the pain becoming unendurable, the clinging arms suddenly released their hold letting me drop heavily to the deck.

By some good fortune I fell upon the discarded hatchet, and stumbled to my feet once more, gripping the weapon again in my fingers. I sprang straight toward him, sending the sharp blade of the hatchet crashing against the skull. The aim was good, the stroke a death blow, yet the monster got me with one paw, and we fell to the deck together, he savagely clawing me in his death agony. Then the hairy figure quivered and lay motionless. I released the stiffening grip, rising to my knees, only to immediately pitch forward unconscious.

When I came back once more to life I was upon the schooner's deck breathing the fresh night air. Dorothy and Watkins bending over me.

CHAPTER XXX.

Opening of the Treasure Chest.

The dawn came slowly, and with but little increase of light. The breeze had almost entirely died away, leaving the canvas aloft motionless, the schooner barely moving through a slightly heaving sea, in the midst of a dull-gray mist. When Watkins emerged from the mist I proposed to him that we go below and continue the search for gold. He was not anxious to go and Dorothy persuaded me to let her go with me. In the room where the ape had been hidden we found a big chest and I set to work to open it.

It proved harder than I had believed, the staple of the lock clinging to the hard teak wood of which the chest was made. The lid was heavy, but as I finally forced it backward a hinge snapped and permitted it to drop crashing to the deck. For an instant I could see nothing within.

"Lift up the lantern, Dorothy, please. No, higher than that. What in God's name? Why, it is the corpse of a woman!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Good Fight.

A good fight is never for its day alone. It is for many days. And it is not alone for him who bears its utmost stress. No man can live his own life bravely and not be an energy of social good, virtue proceeding forth from him to heal some brother's wounded heart. There is a riddle here for us to guess.—John White Chadwick.

Another Advantage.

Another advantage of tortoise shell glasses is that they cover up a good deal of face.—Kansas Industrialist.

## POULTRY FACTS



INFERTILE EGGS KEEP BEST

Fertile Germ in Hot Weather Quickly Becomes Blood Ring, Spoiling Egg for Market.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Farmers lose millions of dollars annually from bad methods of producing and handling eggs. One-third of this loss is preventable, because it is due to the partial hatching of fertile eggs which have been allowed to become warm enough to begin to incubate.

The rooster makes the egg fertile. The fertile egg makes the blood ring. You can save the money now lost from blood rings by keeping the male bird from your flock after the hatching season is over.

The rooster does not help the hens to lay. He merely fertilizes the germ of the egg. The fertile germ in hot weather quickly becomes a blood ring, which spoils the egg for food and market. Summer heat has the same effect on fertile eggs as the hen or incubator.

After the hatching season cook, sell, or pen your rooster. Your hens not running with a male bird will produce infertile eggs—quality eggs that keep best and market best.

Rules for handling eggs on the farm: Heat is the great enemy of eggs, both fertile and infertile. Farmers are urged to follow these simple rules, which cost nothing but time and thought and will add dollars to the poultry yard returns:

1. Keep the nests clean; provide one nest for every four hens.
2. Gather the eggs twice daily.
3. Keep the eggs in a cool, dry room or cellar.
4. Market the eggs at least twice a week.
5. Sell, kill, or confine all male birds as soon as the hatching season is over.

POULTRY KEEPING PAYS WELL

Community Breeding Association in Virginia Proves Most Profitable Institution.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A striking example of community breeding accomplishment is furnished by the Barred Plymouth Rock association, Farmville, Va. Organized for



A Well-Selected Flock of Young Hens of Uniform Size, the Kind That Make Excellent Winter Layers.

Poultry improvement in 1915, this association has made such continuous and rapid growth that it has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$1,500, and a manager employed to handle its affairs.

Receipts during the first five months of operation amounted to \$7,500, and recent reports show that members of the association have on hand more than six thousand Barred Plymouth Rock hens and pullets. In the spring of 1916 they sold 1,000 capons on a northern market.

Before the Farmville association was formed poultry keeping in that locality was merely incidental, an unimportant side line to other farming activities. Today poultry keeping is one of the important industries of that region, and even the casual traveler is impressed with the large numbers of Barred Rocks and farms.

POULTRY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Boys and Girls Who Take an Interest in Chickens Should Be Given Chance to Raise Them.

Poultry raising appeals to the young people in many instances. The boys and girls who like poultry and would take an interest in fowls should have a chance to raise poultry and use the income as they please. Parents often may help their children to become successful in this way.

### 'TEN-SHUN!

All you Yanks who wore the U. S. uniform

The Stars and Stripes, official newspaper of the A. E. F., went out of existence when the peace treaty was signed. But the editors—the soldiers who wrote and drew 90% of all material published in *The Stars and Stripes*—did not scatter, each with his \$60 bonus. They have kept close formation to edit a new magazine called

**THE HOME SECTOR**  
A WEEKLY FOR THE NEW CIVILIAN

You as a red-chevron American will want to read this new weekly because it has all the features that made *The Stars and Stripes* the most popular thing in the A. E. F.—it will contain Baldrige's drawings, Wallgren's cartoons, untold stories of the war, pages of humor, tidings from all the old Yank sectors in France, Belgium and Germany, and SERVICE, a department to answer all questions about insurance, back pay, etc. It is by the same bunch, for the same bunch, in the same spirit.

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Their Identity. "You may sneer at my verses if you will," declared Tennyson J. Daft, "but I have my admirers." "Yes," Hostetter Smith. "There are still a good many people left who move their lips when they read."—Kansas City Star.

Religion in a Dream. To dream that you are taking part in a service in church with a large congregation is said to foretell riches late in life. But if the attendance is thin, beware, they say, of slander!

Prudence in women should be an instinct, not a virtue.—Talleyrand.

Doubt and fear mean failure; faith is an optimist, fear a pessimist.

## Experts or Theorists—Which?

The packing industry is intricate, complex—far more so than the railroads or the telegraph. Every day multiplying needs of society increase its problems and multiplying responsibilities demand more of it.

Highly trained experts, specialists of years' experience, thinkers and creative men, devote their lives, their energies, their activities, to solving the problems of the packing industry and meeting its widening duties.

Swift & Company is not a few dozen packing plants, a few hundred branch houses, a few thousand refrigerator cars, and a few million dollars of capital, but an organization of such men. It is the experience, intelligence, initiative and activity which operates this physical equipment.

Can this intelligence, this experience, this initiative and creative effort which handles this business at a profit of only a fraction of a cent per pound from all sources, be fostered through the intervention of political theorists, however pure their purposes? Or be replaced by legislation? Does Congress really think that it can?

Let us send you a Swift "Dollar". It will interest you. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

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